

## THE BANNER.

Bowling Green, May 17, 1845.

### WAR WITH MEXICO.

Little doubt now remains of Mexico's having declared war against the United States. The ship Creole, an American vessel, was in one of the Mexican ports when news was received of this move, when she slipped her cables and made for the United States, fearful that she would be captured and her cargo confiscated.

When we remember the correspondence between that Government and our Minister, only a few days ago, we are prepared to believe this rumor correct. England, we believe, as well as Mexico, is operating in this matter; but our Government, we hope, is prepared for every emergency. From the correspondent of the N. Y. Herald, we take the following:

"There is, I believe, a very warlike feeling in the cabinet. The President and his cabinet are undoubtedly determined to maintain the high ground they have taken, and which has been hitherto maintained by this country. Mr. Buchanan is said to be framing an elaborate and forcible restatement of the American title, in which the tone of the inaugural will be fully maintained, and below which none for an instant thinks of going. Mr. Bancroft, too, is making every necessary preparation for the most vigorous measures in the Gulf of Mexico, where he is concentrating a most formidable naval force, and the administration mean to secure Texas too. They have no idea that Great Britain, through Mexico, or by her diplomacy, is going to prevent the consummation of the great measure of annexation.

In to-day's paper we give place to the communication of "Calumet." A press of matter has crowded out the communication of "A hard money man," who takes a different view of a county meeting from Calumet. We say again, if there be any doubt about our strength and best man, let us have a county meeting and decide. We have before ventured the suggestion, and the mass of the party must decide.

Candidates for the Convention seem to be plenty in the 14th district; we note them as they are announced in the Jefferson Inquirer:—Judge Wilkes of Miller, Kounsler, of Morgan, Col. Minor, of Cole, Judge Morrow of Cole, and Gen. Price, of Cole; all, we believe, profess to belong to the Democratic school.

### MURDER.

We learn from the Lexington Telegraph, that Wiley Horn, of Johnson county, Mo., has been murdered by a runaway slave, who had been in concealment around his house for several years. He was waylaid and shot Horn for chastising his wife, the property of Horn.

### IOWA.

The Territorial Legislature met at Iowa city, on the 5th inst. In the council, Leffer was elected President pro tem. In the House Morgan was elected speaker, and Thompson chief clerk.

Judge Young, of the Lafayette circuit court has resigned his seat upon the bench to discharge his duties as Bank Attorney, for the branch at Lexington.

### GOOD.

In Virginia, they can appreciate true merit as shown by the election of four editors to the Legislature.

### RIVERS.

The upper Mississippi high and rising fast. The Missouri with five feet water in the channel and falling. Illinois falling fast, and 4 1-2 feet water in the channel.

It is said that the place of Ambassador to England has been offered to Mr. Pickens, of South Carolina.

An eccentric fellow, who is styled the Hatless Prophet, has been lecturing to full houses in St. Louis.

### SUICIDE.

Ambrose H. Jones, sentenced to be hanged at Greenville, S. C., for the murder of his step-mother, committed suicide by hanging himself with his suspenders and a rope made of his blanket. A note was found in his pocket, addressed to the sheriff, which was in these words: "Col. D. Hoke, Dear Sir: I have saved you the trouble. I am innocent of the charge."

The Jews in Cincinnati have contributed \$354 38 for relief of the Pittsburgh sufferers.

## VIRGINIA ERECT! GLORY ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY!!

Sufficient returns have been received to enable us to say that Virginia, the mother of States, and Statesmen, and the birth place of Washington and Jefferson, has been redeemed and disenthralled from the rule of Whiggery. The smoke of the battlefield has disappeared, and we can, and do say, with proud satisfaction of the land which gave us birth, that the last ligament that bound her to the car of the monster, called Whiggery, has been snapped asunder; and she now stands the most honored among the gallant fifteen, who cast their votes for Young Hickory.

But there is sorrow mingled with the shout of joy which falls upon our ears—we have been victorious—we have swept almost every thing like opposition before us—but alas! the bones of the Apostle of Democracy, the immortal Jefferson, slumber in a disaffected district. Although the promising young Leake has won his spurs, (and gallantly may he wear them,) in the Congressional district, yet, Albemarle, the grave of Jefferson, remains in the hands of the enemy. We imagine that Monticello would be a glorious platform upon which the Democracy might meet, and swear upon his grave, as he did upon the altar of the living God, eternal hostility to every form of tyranny over the mind of man. One more effort and his last resting place may be rescued from the hands of the Turk and the infidel.

The Virginia delegation, in Congress, is now united, with the exception of the member from the Federal District of London, the delegation standing fourteen Democrats and one Whig. Crow, Chapman crow. In the Legislature, there will be a commanding Democratic majority enough to prevent the election of any such base renegade as Rieves, to the U. S. Senate.

One hundred cheers for Democracy, and three groans for defunct Whiggery in the old Dominion.

### MUNIFICENT.

Twenty-one thousand dollars have been collected in New York, and twenty-eight thousand in Philadelphia, for the relief of the Pittsburgh sufferers.

Com. Stockton in command of the U. S. Squadron, put to sea, on the 26th ult. with sealed orders, destined for no body knows where. We guess to the Gulf of Mexico.

### CHARGE TO PORTUGAL.

Lewis Cass, jr., son of General Cass, has been fixed upon as charge d'affaires to Portugal.

The Steamer Clarion was burnt at Guyandotte, on the 1st inst.

### DEATH OF AN OLD SOLDIER.

Dr. Wm. Read, a member of General Washington's staff during the Revolution, with the rank of lieutenant colonel, died near Charleston on the 20th ult., at the advanced age of 91 years.

Mr. Jackson, the newly elected Governor of Rhode Island, says, in a letter, that "until Dorr is released neither party, nor the State itself, will be tranquilized."

We clip the following paragraph from the Woburn Gazette:

### SOMETHING WORTHY OF RECORD.

As all the world are tugging might and main to get into office, it signifies something extraordinary when a man vacates one voluntarily. Be it known, that we have recently resigned the responsible and lucrative office of "Steward of the Town House," to take effect from this announcement. This is, we think, the first instance on record of a man's resigning an office of his own free will. Salary, FIVE DOLLARS per annum, with perquisites of the sweepings.—We decline a public dinner.

But would have no objection, we suppose, to a private one.

A young man by the name EDWARD BREDIN, was accidentally drowned from the steamboat ANNAN, in the Missouri river, on Thursday week last. He was a native of Adair county, Kentucky, was traveling in company with a brother-in-law, his sister and their children.—They left the boat at Portland, in Callaway county.—Repub.

Sam Slick says, "I am a great friend to delicacy, for delicacy is a feminine virtue, and to decency, for decency is a manly virtue; but as for squeamishness—rat me! if it does make me sick!—Who takes it?"

[For the Banner.]

Mr. MIXON: It is high time that we were making some arrangements about the selection of our candidates for the Convention. I would suggest to our fellow-citizens, that Monday 2nd day of June, would be a very convenient and proper time for that business. It is the first day of the County Court, and for this reason I think that a meeting on that day would be better and much more generally attended. And it will readily occur to every one, how important it is that we should have a meeting upon this occasion, attended by citizens from every part of the county.

We should select one upon whom we can concentrate our undivided support. Let us all meet together on the day proposed, and decide who that man may be; and when that decision shall have been made, energy will be the only requisite to ensure success. CALUMET.

### PASS IT AROUND.

The spirit contained in the following from the Missouriian, if carried out, will more effectually carry out Democratic principles than any thing else. Let Democrats read it:—

### "UNITED WE STAND, DIVIDED WE FALL."

It depends entirely upon the Democratic party itself, whether the measures and reforms it is now contending for, shall be adopted, or whether the signal victory we have gained shall result to no practical benefit—and, though victorious at the polls we shall be defeated in legislative enactments that will give the government a true republican direction. For almost half a century we have been victorious, and carried the elections in our favor; yet, under all the democratic administrations, except that of Jefferson, Jackson, and Van Buren, have we lost ground, and have either acquiesced—or, by divisions in our ranks, assisted in fastening Federal measures upon the country, which have shaken the Union to its centre, and at times endangered its very existence. Somewhat is the fact, that one of the high Tory organs in London, when the news of the election of Col. Polk reached that country, remarked that the election in America had terminated no more in favor of the Democracy—that for almost half a century, except in two instances, this had been the case, and therefore, it need not be feared that the doctrines of the Democratic party would be the policy pursued by the government—that the defeated party, on account of their superior intelligence and wealth were more than a match to the party of numbers—that though the latter were nearly always sure to carry the elections, yet the former always could get the government to adopt such policies as favored themselves. It behoves every democrat to inquire, whether the London editor be right or no, and if we even should determine him wrong, yet he reads to us a lesson of warning, exhorting to unity of action and feeling. Already do we find the seeds of discord sown broadcast over the land in the Democratic party, producing discord and dissension. Has not an enemy done this? Certainly if he has not he profits by it, and the result will be what the London Tory prophesied—merely a victory at the polls. We have an enemy that never sleeps; he has a purpose he pursues with unflinching steps and unwavering fortitude, regardless of means, undismayed by reverses; though routed and driven in disgrace from the battlefield, he never desponds; we next find he has been a spy in our camp, and hired the Arnolds and Judases to deliver up and betray us. We say this not that we would bring a railing accusation against any, but from a conviction that there will be, if there have not already been, efforts made to produce distraction and division in our ranks, and thereby rendering us powerless to effect the objects for which we have been contending, and which the people have demanded. Already we find Democratic papers quarreling—some about men, and others about minor issues, with such pertinacity that if they cannot elevate their men nor force their issues upon the body of the Democratic party, some openly and others covertly, will aid in elevating Whigs to office. We ask every sane Democrat, if this be persisted in, what will be the result? What great measure of reform will we be able to carry? Undoubtedly we will lose all—the fruits of the Presidential victory, the position we now occupy, and the confidence of the American people. We, therefore, call upon all who glory in the name of Democrat, who wish to hand down to posterity the blessings of a free and just government, to frown at every attempt to produce division in the party, and to mark with the deepest reprobation, the men who favor, aid, or abet it.

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### A WESTERN MAN'S REMINISCENCES.

A friend writing from Washington says to March, given in its pleasant sketch of a "Democratic" office—here "Hickory" might draw some laughs, and a good many from the live specimens of office hunters now on hand here. The new President has just arrived, and all to go home and leave their papers behind them, and such a scattering you never saw!—O'Connell came here from Illinois, and was introduced to a wag, who he was told, had greater influence at court, and who, it was supposed, of any such proposition, kept up the delusion for the sake of the joke. The Sucker address of the man of influence something in this wise: "Now, stranger, look at them papers.—These names is the list in our town. There's Deacon Stiles; there ain't a piouser man in all the country; and there's John Rogers, our shoe-maker; he made them boots, and a better pair never tramped over these diggins. You wouldn't think them sales had waked three hundred miles of Hoober mud, but they have, though, and are sound yet. Everybody in our town knows John Rogers; just you go out to Illinois, ask him about me; you will find out how I stand.—Then you ask Job Turner, our constable, what I did for the party; he'll tell you I was a screamer at the polls. Now I've come all the way from Illinois, and on foot too, most of the way, to see if I can have justice. They wanted me to take a town office to home, but I must have something what pays beforehand; such as them charges as they call 'em. I haint got but seven dollars left, and can't wait just get me one of them charges, will ye? Tell the old man here it is—he'll do it. Pshaw, he must. I've sent the office d—d I haint.—Knickerbocker.

### NEVER FAIL.

The great secret of success in life is never to give up. If we were to leave a legacy to our children, and had nothing better, we should bequeath to them as their motto—"perseverance." More is lost than people suppose by want of perseverance. Energy—we do not mean that energy which comes by fits and starts, but a ceaseless, untiring tenacity of purpose, assisted by sound common sense in the affairs of life. A weak-minded man, who gives up at the first rebuff, or good-for-nothing Giant soul only, above men, and by dint of a strong perseverance. Look at Columbus—he was seventeen years in inventing the little boat which discovered a world.—See how Washington toiled, year after year, and consistently, reaching disappointment, labouring, toiling, under the weight of money and the suggestions of Congress, but he persevered, and our independence was achieved. John Jacob Astor says it was more difficult to earn his first thousand dollars than to amass all the rest at his twenty-four millions. He means really that the habits of enterprise, activity and perseverance, which he found necessary to earn his first thousand dollars, remained afterwards with him as a habit, and, assisted by capital, easily achieved his enormous fortune. Most of our other rich men have once been poor like him. Do not despair, therefore, let your watchword be "never fail." Rise superior to your fortunes, and you will yet be great and rich.—[Neal's Gaz.

### BEAUTIFUL APOLOGUE.

A shepherd was mourning over the death of his favorite child, and in the passionate and rebellious feelings of his heart was bitterly complaining that what he loved most tenderly, and was in itself most lovely, had been taken from him. Suddenly a stranger, of grave and venerable appearance, stood before him, & beckoned him forth into the field.—It was night, and not a word was spoken till they arrived in the fold, when the stranger thus addressed him:—"When you select one of these lambs from the flock, you choose the best and most beautiful among them. Why should you murmur because I, the good Shepherd of the sheep, have selected from those which you nourished for me, the one that fitted for the eternal fold?" The mysterious stranger was seen no more, and the father's heart was comforted.—[Sat. Cour.

The Clerk of the Parish of—, lately made the following announcement:—

"Hereafter after this, there will be no more artemoon, meeting hereafter after this in the artemoon."

[From the Reporter.]

The American charges us with trucking to foreigners. Now we happen to have proved by the course we have pursued in Missouri that we truck to no man, or set of men.—We dare to speak our sentiments, despite the mouthings of senseless demagogues, or the slanders heaped on us by any one. We neither believe with the American that Nativism is in accordance with the spirit of our institutions or the dictates of enlightened reason, nor that those who have mounted that hobby for want of some better nag to ride, are any purer patriots than the signers of the Declaration of American Independence, or the framers of our Federal Constitution. The idea that these citizens of this country who first saw the light of Heaven in Ireland, would become traitors at the bidding of O'Connell, or any one else, is an absurdity so gross that we know not whether to be most amused or indignant at it. The case may be stated in a few words. A large number of men, women and children, despairing of a happy existence under the despotism imposed upon their native land, left it, as did our fathers theirs, to seek under free institutions the blessings denied them on the spot of their birth.

The endearments of home and familiar associations, the ties of kindred, and the uncertainty in commencing life anew in a strange land, could not hold them to the land of their birth, whilst it smothered under the tyrant's lash. They quit it voluntarily, adjusted all allegiance to its sovereign, swore to obey our Constitution and protect our free Government, which gave them shelter, yet we are asked to believe that these men who thus sought this, the only asylum for the oppressed now known in the civilized world, wait at the first sound of danger, join their ancient oppressor and aid in the effort to destroy their best and only refuge from oppression. Because we will give faith to no such absurd proposition, we charged that we truckle to foreigners. We have too much faith in humanity to believe that any set of men could be guilty of such treason—such suicide. Why should they desire the prosperity of England at the expense of this country? Are they not citizens of the U. States—their own destinies, and the destinies of their wives and children, linked to the fate of this Union? If they should behold the prostration of a free man's liberty, would not feel keenly as fathers that their liberties had been destroyed? Where would they flee for refuge from the oppressor, if their present protector were crushed? It is supposed that they are foolish—so mad as to throw themselves, without power to hope of escape, into the arms of those from whose despotism they fled in former days? But, the mere statement of the position taken by the Americans, stripped of its verbiage, is an ample refutation of it. Whilst we truckle to man, we cannot be easily duped into the belief of palpable absurdities.

O'Connell, it is true, has been regarded as the leader of the Repeal cause in Ireland—and is still leader; yet we venture to assert that no member of the St. Louis Repeal Association supposed that when he was contributing to the Repeal fund, he was giving money to O'Connell. It was for the cause of liberty in Ireland that the contributions were made, and not to any one man living. The sentiments of the St. Louis Repealers with respect to O'Connell's Abolitionism have been placed on record, & his abuse for our institutions hurled back upon him more than once. It is too late to charge those who have belonged, and still belong to the Repeal Association, who have refused to enlist under the Nativist banner, with being less patriotic than others. As to O'Connell, we are as ready to denounce his errors and calumnies, as we ever have been to commend his good arts. He is to us any other man. We are not, and never have been man-worshippers, for we have always had too much confidence in the many to believe that their rights depend on the exertions of any individual. If O'Connell were removed to day, the cause of Repeal would not die with him.—If he should be transferred to the enemies of Ireland, he could not transfer the Irish people. His power is like any other popular leader—dependent on his adherence to the cause which animates the masses. On this side of the Atlantic he will find no followers when he raises the British standard, and no eulogists for his Abolition cant. His fanaticism on that subject is by no means peculiar to himself; for we have in our countrymen as perfectly rabid on that point as he is. The effort, therefore, to procure the condemnation, without judge or jury of every Irishman in this country, as a traitor to liberty, because O'Connell has chosen to in-

dulge in a little RHODOMONTADE, must provoke the ridicule of all reflecting men. No one who knows any thing of the Irish in America, is ignorant of the fact that they hate England with an intensity of feeling which has been the growth, not of a year, but of centuries—which has been bequeathed, as it were, from generation to generation, gathering as it descended new vigor from the accumulated wrongs of ages. To suppose that all of that bitter and burning hatred can be obliterated in a moment—at a word from O'Connell—or changed into love for the oppressor, is to suppose that he has the power to do what no human being could ever yet effect. When a hand is raised to bring down the "Engle," to use the phrase so much in vogue with our Nativist contemporaries, no matter whether it be O'Connell's, Sir Robert Peel's, or a domestic traitor's the Irish in this country will be ready to sever it from the trunk from which it springs.

### THE ROSE.

I saw a rose perfect in beauty, it rested gracefully upon its stalk, and its perfume filled the air. Many stopped to gaze upon it—many stopped to taste its fragrance, and its own fragrance over it with delight. I passed it again; behold it was gone, its stem was leafless—its root had withered, the enclosure which surrounded it was broken down. The spoiler had been there—he saw that many admired it—he knew it was dear to him—who planted it, and beside it he had no other plant to have. Yet he searched it secretly from the hand that cherished it; he stole it on his bosom till it hung in his hand, and faded, and when he saw that its glory was departed, he flung it rudely away. But it left a thorn in his bosom, and vainly did he seek to extract it; for now it pierces the spoiler, even in his mirth. And when I saw that no man who loved the beauty of the rose, gathered spurs as scattered leaves, or bound up the stalk which the hand of violence had broken, I looked earnestly at the spot where it grew, and my soul received instruction. And I said, let her who is full of beauty and admiration, sitting like the queen of flowers in majesty among the daughters of her world, let her watch lest vanity enter her heart, to gild her to rest proudly on her own strength; let her remember that she standeth on slippery places, and be not high-minded, but fear.—[Mrs. Signorette.

There is a boy in New Orleans so lazy that he writes Andrew Jackson thus.—Sam Jones.

That's equal to the way the fellow spelt Psalm Books. It was thus—Sam Bux—Lowell Courier.

But it is not equal to the way a chap spelt funds.—It was thus—Phunz.—New Bedford Mercury.

And that is not more entangled than to spell the work title, a la Walker, phibish.

It was by way of a joke, probably, that General Jackson spelled cabbage thus—kabbitch. Some genius once undertook to spell coffee without one of the letters belonging to the word, thus—kauphy.—Fred. Herald.

It was Isaac Jacobs who had a genius for this way of spelling; he spelt his own name without one of the letters properly belonging to it—thus: Eyack Gecabe.—Cham Reporter.

"O, mother! I just seed a man, with one half of his face as black as—"

"As what, Sammy?"

"Black as your pot, mother. Wain't he an object?"

"Lord love you, little dear! you don't say so! he must be half nigger."

"No he wern't, neither: he was a whole nigger—'tother half was just as black."

"Take that, you little sarping! My gracious! how sassy children is!"

The ship Farwell cleared at Mobile a few days ago, for Canton, with a cargo of 2,784 bales of cotton.

The Madisonian says that Mr. EVERETT has asked permission to return home, and recommends Mr. CALHOUN as his successor.

"That heart is more than half corrupted that does not burn with indignity at the slightest attempt to seduce it."

### COUNTERFEIT DIMES.

The Cincinnati Atlas of the fifth says:

"A large amount of counterfeit dimes and half dimes was found yesterday morning in Newport, Ky., near the water's edge, a little below the ferry—about half a bushel in quantity."

Buzzett, the pilot of the steamboat Swallow, was arraigned in New York on the 30th ult. and pleaded not guilty.